

NEW SERIES.]

NOVEMBER, 1873.

[VOL. 1, NO. 5.

# OUT WEST

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES,

BEARING PRINCIPALLY ON THE

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SECTION,

WITH A SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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Subscription, Three Dollars per Annum.

Single Number, Thirty-Five Cents.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO,

"OUT WEST" PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

# PROSPECTUS.

**O**UT WEST aims to be the Magazine of the *Rocky Mountain Section*, and of Colorado especially, as its prominent representative.

Nature has marked out this Section by many peculiarities (geographical, topographical, climatic, etc.,) as a distinct one, and it seems appropriate that it should have a magazine distinctly its own.

For such a publication it will yield abundant topics of interest, for it is a wide field in which to reap, and (to the rest of the world) comparatively an unknown one.

Its physical characteristics alone—its Peaks and Parks and Passes, its Glens and Cañons, its Groves and Forests, its Lakes and Streams and Waterfalls, its Table-lands and its Valleys, its sweeping Plains—might furnish themes for almost endless description.

The researches of topographers, geologists, mineralogists, botanists, and other scientists, are daily unfolding new wonders, the full record of which would require many volumes.

The deeds of daring, the privations and the sufferings of Pioneers in the not far distant Past; the customs and the folklore of the red men who have so long held this vast region for their own, but who are so rapidly disappearing before the on-coming flood of Civilization; the struggles between the old inhabitants and the new; these and kindred subjects can furnish many a thrilling and romantic chapter.

The evidences of an ancient civilization—though scanty as yet—give promise that ere long, the history of a still older race will await the chronicler.

These subjects it is intended shall all find a place, from time to time, in the pages of *OUT WEST*.

The Past, however, must, to a great extent, give way to the Present.

The white man has come to take the place of the red man, and is stamping the super-scription of his kingship on the face of the land. The scream of his locomotive wakes the echoes which a while ago multiplied the war-whoops of the savage. He has turned the fruitful waters upon the Valleys and Plains over which the Indian so lately hunted and fought, and has made their barren wastes to "smile with fields of wavy corn." He has built Churches and Schools and Business Blocks where, but a few years since, the squaws put up the wigwams for their hives. His sheep and cattle are feeding on the range of the antelope and the buffalo. His mining camps are driving the bear and the panther from their lairs in the mountains. And day by day the old order of things is giving place more and more to the new; the Stone has been thrown into the water, and the circles are spreading outwards with continually widening reach.

To present a reflex of this progress of Civilization in its various branches, will be a chief part of our purpose, and to help it forward, to some extent, will not be beyond our ambition.

In brief, it will be sought to make *OUT WEST* such that anyone reading it will gain a full and accurate idea of the Rocky Mountain Section in all its phases—its geography, topography, scenery and climate, its resources, its capabilities, and its wants, its industries and enterprizes, its associations and prospects.

To this end, the Editor has already secured the assistance of several contributors, who are prominently identified with the Rocky Mountain Section, and who are eminently fitted, by experience or study, to furnish contributions of interest and value. He trusts that many others, similarly qualified, will be induced to give their aid, and he commends the enterprize to their good will.

Free use will be made of articles of value appearing in other publications, and these Selected Articles, thus brought together from various sources, will, it is believed, be one of the most valuable features of the Magazine.

A short Summary of News will also be published each month. In this, the aim will not be to present a complete chronicle of events, but rather to give a selection of such items of news as will be a fair index of what is going on.

Whilst *OUT WEST* has been made sufficiently large to afford ample space for these various features, it has been thought well to keep it, for the present, within comparatively narrow limits, it being preferable that it should "grow up with the country" rather than that it should start out on too ambitious a scale, only to afford one more example of the rule that "pride goes before a fall."

J. E. LILLER, Editor.

Terms of Subscription Three Dollars per Annum.

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## MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS IN 1872.

### No 5.—QUERETARO TO MEXICO.

In a triangle formed by hills on two sides and the Rio Grande on the third, stands Queretaro. Looking at it from the hill of Las Campanas, where the Emperor Maximilian was shot, one's first impression is that it is chiefly composed of white towers and domes, growing out of green tree-tops. A nearer acquaintance, however, shows that, like all other Mexican towns, its streets are ill-paved and dirty, and many of its houses in ruins.

One thing, however, gives Queretaro an air of briskness and business, which one seldom sees in the Republic. About a mile from the Town are the two great cotton factories belonging to Señor Rubio. These two mills—La Purissima and the Hercules—stand in the Cañada, or the narrow valley, up which the high road to Mexico runs, and employ 2,050 hands, besides an army of wood-carriers and Arrieros who do not live on the spot.

Don C. R. took us over the Hercules Mill, which is certainly the ideal of a factory, for each court is full of tropical flowers and French roses and the large airy rooms have their windows open day and night, letting in the scent of flowers and the songs of birds to cheer the mill-hands at their work. The mill is run by two double oscillating engines and an enormous overshot wheel, 48 feet in diameter—the second largest in the Republic. The water is brought by an aqueduct from a spring two miles up the Cañada. The Factory is strongly fortified, and Don C. told us that they kept a private army of 70 foot-soldiers and 20 cavalry. Each man gets four bits a day, (50 cts.) his lodging and one uniform a year, and the cavalry have their horses furnished to them, and maintained. On an emergency 500 of the workmen can be armed; they are all drilled and

trained. However, it is to the credit of the contending factions that, during the War of the Empire, the Factory was not in any way disturbed. Though they were fighting all round, both sides respected it, as indeed they should, as a great national benefit.

The same spring from which the water for the Hercules comes, supplies the city by means of an aqueduct, carried over the valley on sixty arches of stone and brick. It was built under these circumstances: As the City was very badly supplied with water, a gentleman made a bantering bet with a friend, that he would give a silver shrine to the Virgin, costing one million dollars, if his friend would build an aqueduct at the same cost. The bet was taken, the aqueduct built, and Queretaro supplied with splendid water; but the builder would not allow his friend to fulfil his part of the engagement, saying that his million might be better employed than on silver shrines.

The day after we reached the City, we were reinforced by a party of friends, who had made the journey overland from Colorado, and who arrived by stage from Guanajuato. After two days' comparing of notes and talking over routes, our company re-arranged themselves: some to explore the Valley of the Lerma on horseback, up to Toluca and so to the Capital; and our original party, with one or two alterations and additions, to pursue our route to the same point. On the 23rd, therefore, we again set out, taking the usual stage-road as far as San Juan del Rio, a pretty town about eight hours from Queretaro. Thence, by unfortunate advice, we were induced to go by a road which we found, to our dismay, is now entirely out of use, and on which we could get no relays of mules. At 11 p. m., after crawling over muddy plains for hours, when we

stopped at Aroyo Zarco for a night's lodging, the people of the Diligence House, being unaccustomed to visitors, kept us waiting an hour before they would open to us, and then, adding insult to injury, said "they thought we were robbers!"

From Aroyo Zarco to Tula, where we again struck the regular stage road, was but twelve *lignas*, so we had a pleasant day's journey outside the coach, through magnificent scenery—broad fertile plains surrounded with mountains.

At 5.30 on the 26th, we rattled out of Tula in the regular stage with eight horses, up a high Divide, and in a few hours were in the outer part of the Valley of Mexico.

Along this we kept all day, feeling that we were on almost classic ground, for we were approaching the City by the same route Cortez came over when flying from it after the fatal night of the "Noche Triste." At 1 p. m., we climbed the last "Questa" or divide, and turned round the spur of some hills with the valley proper stretched before us. Two hours along old causeways, between deep dykes hedged with roses, under avenues of willows and cottonwoods, through a flat green expanse of fields, and we reached the *Garita* or Gateway through the fortifications and, in half-an-hour more, were in our charming rooms at the Hotel Iturbide in the City of Mexico.

People say "What is the city like"? That is almost as hard a question to answer as one I was asked the other day; "Oh," said some one, "you've been to America, what is it like?" The best idea of the City and the Valley one can get is by driving out along the *Paseo del Imperador*, a fine road about two miles long, with rows of cotton-woods, willow, and ash on each side, and, beyond them, the rich green meadows of the great flat, which in Montezuma's day, was all covered by Lake Tezcoco.

At the end of this road, from a mass of trees, rises the world-famous hill of Chapultepec; a lump of porphyritic rock, standing alone and commanding the finest view but one of the Valley. Its face towards the City is almost perpendicular, and it is crowned by the Palace, built in the last century by one of the last Spanish Viceroy, which later became the country residence of the various Republican Chiefs in turn; then, for a

brief space, was the Emperor Maximilian's favorite Palace; and, when we saw it, it was once again the home of a pure Indian for the first time since the conquest—Juarez being still alive, living in the rooms, and eating off the very plates of a Prince of Austria! The approach to the Palace is up the back of the hill, where it is not so steep, but still a climb sufficient to make one wonder how the American troops could ever have stormed up it.

From the summit you look to the east over the City, its countless towers and domes glistening in the sun in a rich setting of trees. Away beyond it rises the hill of Guadalupe, the most sacred place in Mexico, being the first spot on the Western Continent where the Virgin is supposed to have appeared. To the right of it is Lake Tezcoco, thirty miles long and wide, and, behind it, are the mountains of Tezcoco, with the town just visible at their foot. Following the Lake round to the right, a purple hill rising abruptly out of the plains cuts off any further view of it, completely hiding Lake Chalco, and forms a low foreground to the two giant Volcanos, *Ixtacihuatl* and *Popocatepetl*. From their slopes a range of mountains extends right round the Valley till they reach the hill of Guadalupe, beyond which is a low gap through which the road from Tula comes. Montezuma's Tree, a huge red wood at the foot of the hill, we measured roughly, and found that it was over forty-six feet in girth six feet from the ground.

But the most beautiful view of all is, I think, from *Tecubayia*, where, in addition to what I have tried to describe, you have Chapultepec as a foreground.

The city itself is like most of the other towns, though of course on a much finer and larger scale. The great Plaza is very handsome, with the Palace or Government Buildings, taking up the whole of one side and the Cathedral another, while in the centre is a lovely garden designed and planted by the Empress Carlotta.

The Cathedral, which is the fac-simile of that at Puebla, is a grand building of white stone. It is supposed to stand on the site of the Aztec *Teocalli*.

It would take weeks to describe all the won-

ders and curiosities of the city, so I will not attempt it; but advise every one, who has the chance, to go and see for themselves what is universally acknowledged to be one of the most interesting localities in the world. Only in one thing, let not travelers raise their expectations too high. The Floating Gardens of Mexico were, of course, one of the first of our quests; but, though we scoured the country in every direction in search of, them, and though we questioned every one we knew about them, yet only once did we find anything of the sort. Outside the city we came upon some oblong patches, about thirty yards by ten, with ditches surrounding them, which patches, it was said, would shake when anyone got upon them, and—they were planted with onions. The flowers, however, though one cannot find the gardens, surpass all one's dreams for beauty, quantity, and cheapness. At all the street corners every morning sit crowds of flower-sellers, from whom one buys for ten to twenty-five cents bouquets which, in New York or London, would cost \$5 to \$10.

After spending six weeks in the City of Mexico, we left on the 14th of June for Vera Cruz. As far as Puebla, we went on the Mexico and Vera Cruz Railroad, which was finished to that point, and from thence by stage to a few miles beyond Orizaba, where the road re-commenced, and took us down to the coast.

At Puebla we spent the day and explored the city as far as pouring rain would allow, and, on the 15th, left in the stage soon after six. The view of the two Volcanos towering high up above the city behind us, in the morning sun, their snowy sides gleaming against the blue sky; and in front of us, miles away, the exquisite Pico de Orizaba, on the Tierra Caliente, with the Matinche and Perote on our left, was altogether one of the most impressive as well as beautiful sights I have ever seen. The day's journey was long and wearisome, as the roads were in some parts deep in mud, and, at 6:30, we were glad to arrive at Palma, a small town with a tolerably tidy hotel, where we got a fair dinner, and tried to sleep till 12 P. M., when we were all roused up for the departure of the stage. At daybreak, we reached La Cañada close to the Peak of Orizaba, and, as the sun rose, began the descent of the Cumbres,

two rock walls, the first about 800 feet down, the second about 1,900 feet. Down this last I rode outside the coach, to see the view, and a more terrific four miles I never remember. At the top, the two leaders were taken off, and we came down with six mules, four abreast and two in the shafts, the driver driving the leaders and managing the brake, while the muchacho by his side hauled at the wheelers. The road was zigzagged down, and took twenty-two turns before reaching Apulzingo in the Valley. There, we found the most striking change, having left the cactus and maguery land of the Templados at the top of the Cumbres, and dropped in a few miles into almost Tropical vegetation. Maize and sugar fields, palms and bananas, lined the roadside and pretty little garden-patches hedged with tall flourishing aloes round houses, each of which had its green parrot sitting on a perch by the door. We flew along full gallop with eight fresh mules down a splendid road in a valley twenty miles long and one to one-and-a-half miles broad, with wooded mountains on either side, 1,000 to 3,000 feet high, and at the mouth of the Cañada, as they call it, came suddenly upon the town of Orizaba. It nestles in groves of oranges, bananas, and every imaginable fruit and flower tree at the very foot of the great Volcano of the same name, covered in eternal snow under the blazing tropic sun. The next morning, as we drove down to the depot at Tortin, about ten miles beyond the town, the clouds rolled away, and the snowy giant revealed himself to our delighted eyes.

The point of greatest interest on the R. R., between Orizaba and Vera Cruz is the Chicahuiti Pass, where the road finally leaves the mountains through an exquisite cañon cut by a river through the solid rock. The rest of the journey from Paso del Macho is flat; twenty-six miles from Vera Cruz one enters the swampy forests which border the Atlantic coast, only inhabited, it seemed to us, by countless flocks of snowy white herons and cranes.

At Vera Cruz the heat was intense, and we were not sorry after sleeping there one night to embark on the splendid French Steamer "Nouveau Monde" bound for Havana, and bid farewell to Mexico.

ROSA DEL MONTE.

## FRAGRANT FLOWERS OF COLORADO.

We have often heard it remarked that our beautiful mountain Wild Flowers are entirely destitute of fragrance. Before we had ever seen Colorado, some one who had travelled in the Rocky Mountains told us so; and, during a number of summer seasons, which we have now passed in studying the flowers of this region, we have, again and again, listened to the same criticism. It is incorrect, and we wonder who first came to a conclusion so far from the truth. Having become familiar with nearly all the species of the Plants that grow from the Valleys of the Platte and the Arkansas to the summit of the Snowy Range, we are thoroughly satisfied that no floral section of equal extent, outside the neighborhood of the Tropics, can boast of a greater number of fragrant flowers, than can the Mountains and Plains of Colorado. Let us enumerate a few of the species which possess the twofold charm of beauty and fragrance. We will endeavor, while naming them, to give a brief description of each, so that the observers of flowers may hereafter notice them and satisfy themselves.

To begin with the earlier flowers of the Spring: In the early part of May in certain localities along the Platte, or, to be more exact, about Denver and Greeley, the Plains are almost white with the flowers of a little lilaceous plant with grassy leaves, resembling a crocus. It is known to botanists by the name *Leucocrinum montanum*. Any one who will gather a handful of these little beauties of our spring-time, will discover that they give forth a very pleasant, though delicate, perfume.

A month later, in these same districts, on rather sandy ground, may be found a species of Gilia, (*Gilia pungens*) with very fragrant blossoms of a yellowish white. This is a little half-shrubby plant, with short, sharp-pointed leaves, and, when out of bloom, looks as if it might be a minute juniper bush. In flower it resembles a species of phlox.

A week or two later, and from the middle of June until September, one may gather at evening or early morning, from these same sandy soils, a

delightful nosegay of *Abronia fragrans*, handsomer than any verberna of the gardens, and far more fragrant. A wood-cut of this favorite plant may be found in almost any of the catalogues of the eastern florists, for it has long since found its way to a well-deserved place in the gardens. It is common enough on the plains from the northern boundaries of the Territory to the foot of the Spanish Peaks.

And here we may introduce another plant of the same natural order as the *Abronia*, and, like it, blossoming at evening only, found only south of Colorado Springs: *Mirabilis multiflora*, a species of what is well known in cultivation as the four-o'clock. We consider our Colorado species rather superior to the common one of the gardens, having larger flowers, and producing them in clusters of a rich purple and pleasantly fragrant.

Not to mention other natives of the Plains, as well-marked as these by the character of fragrance, we have in mind more charming ones, to be found only in the shades of the pine and spruce that clothe the sides of the higher mountains. We will notice first the charming genus *Pyrola*, which may be recognized by its usually round leaves of a somewhat leathery texture, shining and evergreen. The leaves are near the ground, and from their midst is sent up, in midsummer, a leafless flower-stem of from three to six or eight inches in height. We have in Colorado about five or six species of this genus, the flowers of all being more or less fragrant. Perhaps the finest and sweetest of them is *Pyrola uniflora*, with small leaves and short stem bearing a single very large, pure white, nodding flower. *P. rotundifolia* has beautiful rose-colored flowers, arranged up and down the leafless stem, forming what botanists call a raceme. *P. minor* is a smaller and rarer species, more intensely odorous, and has pinkish flowers. *P. chlorantha* has very dark green leaves and greenish-white flowers, otherwise much like the many-flowered species above mentioned; while in *P. secunda* the flowers are very small, white or yellowish, and hang upon one side of the stem, in what is known as a one-

sided raceme. These plants will be found in bloom in the latter part of July on the north sides of mountains, between the altitudes nine thousand and eleven thousand feet, but look only where the trees make a deep shade. One must leave the roads and trails and go into the wildest parts of the forests to find any of them.

In company with the *Pyrolas*, may sometimes be found a choicer thing than all—the *Linnea borealis*, a plant of the honeysuckle tribe. It is a trailing evergreen, with very small, round, shining leaves, and its two small bell-shaped flowers are borne upon little, almost thread-like, leafless stems, only a couple of inches or so in height. They are of a pale rose color; and a bed of them scents the air for some rods, with the most delightful perfume that ever a wild flower breathed forth. The genus was named in honor of the great and world-renowned Swedish botanist, Carl von Linné, with whom this plant is said to have been an especial favorite. From the circumstance of its flowers always growing in pairs, it has in English received the name of Twin-flowers.

Higher up the mountains, and far toward the limit of trees, even in the neighborhood of perpetual snows, flourishes the most splendid of all our native flowers, *Primula Parryi*, named for that distinguished botanist and explorer, Dr. C. C. Parry, who first made it known to the world of florists and botanists. It scarcely needs to be described, as no one who has crossed the little crys-

tal torrents, that gush from the snow-fields, can have overlooked a plant so conspicuous and so brilliantly beautiful as this, for it grows among the stones, upon the margins of those Alpine streams almost everywhere, sending its roots down into the ice-cold waters. Its rich deep purple flower-clusters, and long graceful root-leaves, fully warrant us in pronouncing it the most splendid of all our native plants. The flowers are highly perfumed with the peculiar fragrance of the primroses, to which family it belongs. Another and a very diminutive member of the same family, whose flowers are noted for their rich jasmine-like perfume, has been found rarely upon some of the very highest mountains. Like many of the plants of new countries, it is known only to the men of the science, and consequently has none but a scientific name. It is *Androsace Chamajasmæ*. The whole plant is not above two inches high, consisting of a minute rosette of narrow leaves next the ground, a delicate, leafless stem, and a crown of three or four small, white flowers, with a yellow eye. Some botanist reports it from Pike's Peak; the writer has found it only on Mount Evans. It need not be looked for below the altitude of 13,000 feet.

And now we might return from the top of the range to the banks of the Platte, by the same road, and find, on our way, as many more kinds of native flowers of Colorado, which are not less remarkable for beauty than for fragrance.

E. L. GREENE.

### THE LEGEND OF MANITOU.

The following legend as to the origin of the Soda Springs in the glen now named "Manitou" is given by Lieut. Ruxton. in his "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains."

The Indians regard with awe the "medicine" waters of these fountains, as being the abode of a spirit who breathes through the transparent water, and thus, by his exhalations, causes the perturbation of its surface. The Arapahoes, especially, attribute to this water-god the power of ordaining the success or miscarriage of their war-expeditions; and, as their braves pass often by the mysterious springs, when in search of their

hereditary enemies the Yutas, in the "Valley of Salt," they never fail to bestow their votive offerings upon the water-sprite, in order to propitiate the "Manitou" of the fountain, and insure a fortunate issue to their "path of war."

Thus, at the time of my visit, the basin of the spring was filled with beads and wampum, and pieces of red cloth and knives, while the surrounding trees were hung with strips of deer-skin, cloth, and mocassins, to which, had they been serviceable, I would most sacrilegiously have helped myself. The "sign," too, round the

spring, plainly showed that here a war-dance had been executed by the braves.

This country was once possessed by the Shoshone or Snake Indians, of whom the Camanches of the plains are a branch; and, although many hundred miles now divide their hunting-grounds, they were once, if not the same people, tribes of the same great nation. They still, however, retain a common language; and there is great analogy in many of their religious rites and legendary tales, which proves that at least a very close alliance must at one period have bound the two tribes together.

The Snakes, who, in common with all Indians, possess hereditary legends to account for all natural phenomena, or any extraordinary occurrences which are beyond their ken or comprehension, have, of course, their legendary version of the causes which created, in the midst of their hunting-grounds, these two springs of sweet and bitter water; which are also intimately connected with the cause of separation between the tribes of the "Camanche" and the "Snake." Thus runs the legend:

Many hundreds of winters ago, when the cotton-woods on the Big River were no higher than an arrow, and the red men, who hunted the buffalo on the plains, all spoke the same language, and the pipe of peace breathed its social cloud of kinnik-kinnik whenever two parties of hunters met on the boundless plains—when, with hunting-grounds and game of every kind in the greatest of abundance, no nation dug up the hatchet with another because one of its hunters followed the game into their bounds, but, on the contrary, loaded for him his back with choice and fattest meat, and ever proffered the soothing pipe before the stranger, with well-filled belly, left the village—it happened that two hunters of different nations met one day on a small rivulet, where both had repaired to quench their thirst. A little stream of water, rising from a spring on a rock within a few feet of the bank, trickled over it, and fell splashing into the river. To this the hunters repaired; and, while one sought the spring itself, where the water, cold and clear, reflected on its surface the image of the surrounding scenery, the other, tired by his exertions in the chase, threw himself at once to the ground,

and plunged his face into the running stream.

The latter had been unsuccessful in the chase, and perhaps his bad fortune, and the sight of the fat deer which the other hunter threw from his back before he drank at the crystal spring, caused a feeling of jealousy and ill-humor to take possession of his mind. The other, on the contrary, before he satisfied his thirst, raised in the hollow of his hand a portion of the water, and, lifting it toward the sun, reversed his hand, and allowed it to fall upon the ground—a libation to the Great Spirit who had vouchsafed him a successful hunt, and the blessing of the refreshing water with which he was about to quench his thirst.

Seeing this, and being reminded that he had neglected the usual offering, only increased the feeling of envy and annoyance which the unsuccessful hunter permitted to get the mastery of his heart; and the Evil Spirit at that moment entering his body, his temper fairly flew away, and he sought some pretense by which to provoke a quarrel with the stranger Indian at the spring.

"Why does a stranger," he asked, rising from the stream at the same time, "drink at the spring-head, when one to whom the fountain belongs contents himself with the water that runs from it?"

"The Great Spirit places the cool water at the spring," answered the other hunter, "that his children may drink it pure and undefiled. The running water is for the beasts which scour the plains. Au-sa-qua is a chief of the Shoshone: he drinks at the head-water."

"The Shoshone is but a tribe of the Camanche," returned the other; "Waco-mish leads the grand nation. Why does a Shoshone dare to drink above him?"

"He has said it. The Shoshone drinks at the spring-head; other nations of the stream which runs into the fields. Au-sa-qua is chief of his nation. The Camanche are brothers. Let them both drink of the same water."

"The Shoshone pays tribute to the Camanche. Waco-mish leads that nation to war. Waco-mish is chief of the Shoshone, as he is of his own people."

"Waco-mish lies; his tongue is forked like the rattle-snake's; his heart is black as the Misho-



tunga (bad spirit). When the Manitou made his children, whether Shos-shone or Camanche, Arapahoe, Shian, or Paine, he gave them buffalo to eat, and the pure water of the fountain to quench their thirst. He said not to one, drink here, and to another drink there; but gave the crystal spring to all, that all might drink."

Waco-mish almost burst with rage as the other spoke; but his coward heart alone prevented him from provoking an encounter with the calm Shos-shone. He, made thirsty by the words he had spoken—for the red man is ever sparing of his tongue—again stooped down to the spring to quench his thirst, when the subtle warrior of the Camanche suddenly threw himself upon the kneeling hunter, and, forcing his head into the bubbling water, held him down with all his strength, until his victim no longer struggled, his stiffened limbs relaxed, and he fell forward over the spring, drowned and dead.

Over the body stood the murderer, and no sooner was the deed of blood consummated than bitter remorse took possession of his mind, where before had reigned the fiercest passion and vindictive hate. With hands clasped to his forehead, he stood transfixed with horror, intently gazing on his victim, whose head still remained immersed in the fountain. Mechanically he dragged the body a few paces from the water, which, as soon as the head of the dead Indian was withdrawn, the Camanche saw suddenly and strangely disturbed. Bubbles sprang up from the bottom, and, rising to the surface, escaped in hissing gas. A thin, vapory cloud arose, and, gradually dissolving, displayed to the eyes of the trembling murderer the figure of an aged Indian, whose long, snowy hair and venerable beard, blown aside by a gentle air from his breast, discovered the well-known totem of the great Wankan-aga, the father of the Camanche and Shos-shone nation, whom the traditions of the tribe, handed down by skillful hieroglyphics, almost deified for the good actions and deeds of bravery this famous warrior had performed when on earth.

Stretching out a war-club toward the affrighted murderer, the figure thus addressed him:

"Accursed of my tribe! this day thou hast severed the link between the mightiest nations

of the world, while the blood of the brave Shos-shone cries to the Manitou for vengeance. May the water of thy tribe be rank and bitter in their throats!" Thus saying, and swinging his ponderous war-club (made from the elk's horn) round his head, he dashed out the brains of the Camanche, who fell headlong into the spring, which, from that day to the present moment, remains rank and noxious, so that, not even when half dead with thirst, can one drink the foul water of that spring.

The good Wankan-aga, however, to perpetuate the memory of the Shos-shone warrior, who was renowned in his tribe for valor and nobleness of heart, struck with the same avenging club a hard, flat rock, which overhung the rivulet, just out of sight of this scene of blood; and forthwith the rock opened into a round, clear basin, which instantly filled with bubbling sparkling water, than which no thirsty hunter ever drank a sweeter or a cooler draught.

Thus two springs remain, an everlasting memento of the foul murder of the brave Shos-shone, and the stern justice of the good Wankan-aga; and from that day the two mighty tribes of the Shos-shone and Camanche have remained severed and apart; although a long and bloody war followed the treacherous murder of the Shos-shone chief, and many a scalp torn from the head of the Camanche paid the penalty of his death.

THE UTE IDEA OF CREATION.—The Ute Indians have a most singular idea of the creation of the world. They have a tradition that the Great Spirit made Pike's Peak first of all. He pushed down snow and ice from the sky through a hole which he made in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round till he made this great mountain; he then stepped off the clouds on to the mountain top, and descended and planted the trees all around by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees, and made the rivers. After that he made the fish for the river out of the small end of his staff. He made the birds by hewing some leaves, which he took up from the ground, among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but he made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master over all others. The development of man, according to this tradition, was a later occurrence. The daughter of the Great Spirit ventured too far, got astray, and fell into the power of the grizzly bears, and she was forced to marry one of them, and the red men were the fruit of the marriage. These red men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit; but the grizzlies were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two.

## DAIRY NOTES ON COLORADO.

The United States census of 1870 gives the butter product of Colorado at 392,920 pounds, and the cheese product at 36,626 pounds. The production both of butter and cheese has doubtless been increased considerably during the past three years, but a very large supply, especially of butter, is demanded from the States.

Cheese can, no doubt, be made at a profit in Colorado; but it seemed to us there was a more immediate want of butter dairies, while the climate, the water, and the grasses at the base of the mountains are particularly well adapted to this specialty. The grasses are of a character to make rich milk, and, in a country like Colorado, where there is a large profit in raising all the calves dropped, the skimmed milk can be utilized to advantage for this purpose. Again, the large mining population, together with that springing up in the towns and cities, must cause a steady and reliable demand, making a good home market for a large production.

Mr. S. G. Nott, who has been engaged in making butter in Colorado since 1868, from a dairy of twenty-five to thirty cows, and who has sold his product directly to consumers, in quantity to suit the wants of each family, makes the following affirmation, viz.:—That a family of two, three, four or more persons required a pound a week for each member of the family through the year, and, from his experience and observation in this respect, he estimates the annual consumption of butter in Colorado to be at the rate of fifty-two pounds per head. The population of Colorado is now said to be over 100,000 persons, which would make an annual consumption of butter for the present time of over 5,000,000 pounds. This, at forty cents per pound, comes to \$2,000,000. A large share of the butter used is imported. So it will be seen with a population rapidly increasing, butter-making offers a fair prospect of remuneration to the dairymen.

It may occur, at first thought, that a new country like Colorado would naturally have a population with an over-burthensome element of rough and non-progressive minds. Quite the contrary,

it seemed to us, was the rule. Wherever we went law was respected and order prevailed, and if any one going to Colorado fancied he is not to come in contact with a goodly number of refined and intelligent people, he will be very favorably disappointed. The hotels in the cities and villages are well managed, and provided with all the comforts, not to say elegancies, of the East. Even in the mining towns like Central, one could not wish for a more luxurious repast than that furnished at the commodious, well-managed Teller House.

At Denver, at Colorado Springs, Manitou, and other places, the hotels are fine and well-managed. Not only the population of the towns and villages, but the influx of visitors and tourists from all parts of the East coming here for pleasure and health, require the market to be supplied with dairy products the finest in flavor and best that can be produced; for these grades of goods will be properly appreciated and eagerly taken at high prices in preference to ordinary grades at ordinary rates.

Labor, too, is well remunerated. The miner gets from \$3 to \$4 per day, and is disposed to have the best kinds of food. And we allude to these facts to show that the dairyman who has high skill in manufacturing either butter or cheese, will find that his goods, if of extra quality, are duly appreciated in the Colorado markets, and will command good prices.

Again; the fact that a comparatively small amount of fodder is required to be stored for wintering stock, gives the dairyman ample time and opportunity to devote more attention to grain-raising than in the east. It is true, that to raise grain crops in this country it is necessary to irrigate; but the requisite preparation for irrigation is neither so difficult nor expensive as is generally imagined. This country along the base of the mountains lies in long, gentle slopes, thus rendering the task of turning the streams from their channels so as to overflow the face of the country a comparatively easy one, as the streams have a fall varying from 10 to 50 feet to

the mile. On large tracts of land the average original cost, it is estimated, is not over one dollar per acre. The cost of constructing the main canals is usually borne by a neighborhood of farmers and bears lightly on each individual; the cost of constructing the lateral ditches on the premises occupied by each farmer is trifling, because they are small and easily made.

The yield of wheat is often as much as 35 to 40 bushels to the acre. From reliable statistics made up by comparing the total number of acres in Colorado, cultivated in grain crops, with the quantity produced, the following is given as about the average yield through the Territory per acre:—Wheat, 27 bushels; oats, 55; corn, 30; potatoes 150 to 200; onions, 250; beans, 30, and barley 33.

During all the spring and summer months little or no rain falls, and even at other seasons the earth is seldom moistened with showers. The past season, it is said, has been an exception, showers of short duration having been more frequent than for other seasons.

We visited some of the farms and took statements from a number of farmers, well-known and reliable men, and it will not be out of place, perhaps, to give from our notes the following:

Mr. Packard is President of the Colorado Farmers' Union, a society designed to bear the same relation to the County Agricultural Societies and Farmers' Clubs in the Territory as that held by State Agricultural Societies in the east.

Mr. Packard has a fine farm of 120 acres, with pleasant and commodious buildings where he resides, on Clear Creek bottom, about six miles west of Denver. The farm is on Clear Creek, and what is called the bottom land is about 15 miles long by one mile wide. Mr. P. pays some attention to gardening, and had from 10 to 12 acres in potatoes, corn, and vegetables, and these were all looking well. He has 80 acres of wheat this year, and about 12 acres opposite his residence devoted to pasturage. The grasses here are the native grasses, Mesquit or Gramma, the Blue Joint, etc., etc. Mr Packard stated that upon this field of 12 acres he pastured six cows and six horses, and that was sufficient for their

maintenance during six months of the year. We went upon the field and examined the sward and the stock. The grass was short, and, like other pasturage in Colorado, did not form a solid turf like the grass lands of the east. The stock looked sleek, thrifty, and in fine condition. The field was not irrigated.

Mr. Packard stated, from his experience and observation, he should estimate that an acre and one-half of pasturage in Colorado would be sufficient to keep a cow in feed for six months, and that two acres would yield sufficient for her keep during the year. From the middle of April to the middle of November, there are no storms to prevent cattle feeding on pasturage. In winter, snow-storms sometimes occur of four or five days' duration, which may interrupt the feeding of cattle on pasturage, and then a supply of food should be at hand to carry stock over these intervals. Clover does well on this soil, and red-top remarkably well, yielding enormous crops. Timothy is also grown successfully, and can be cultivated on all wheat lands.

Mr. Yule has a farm of 160 acres west of Denver, and about eight miles from the foot of the mountains. The soil here is a sandy loam. Mr. Y. has this year about 80 acres in wheat, 7 acres in oats, 5 acres in corn, and 6 acres in red-top. A part of his meadow that we passed over was very thick and heavy—it had been irrigated. He takes his water from a company's main canal which brings the water from Clear Creek—paying for the same at the rate of \$1.50 per inch, or at that rate for a stream of water having an inch capacity as it flows from the gates. He estimates the time spent in irrigating to be no more than 10 days for all his crops during the season.

Not far from Mr. Yule's, Mr. M. N. Everett has a fine farm of 160 acres, 100 of which is in wheat, and a very nice crop too. It was nearly ready for the harvest at the time of our visit. The soil here is a sandy loam.

Mr. Everett gave testimony similar to that of Mr. Packard and others in regard to the nutritive value of the native grasses for stock feeding. Upon this farm we found specimens of Mesquit grass on irrigated grounds that was of heavy

growth, surpassing any we had before seen in vigor and luxuriance. Mr. Everett showed us also a field of Timothy which had been recently cut, the crop in cocks still remaining on the ground. This was only what would be called a medium crop in New York, and upon our remarking in regard to the loose turf and sparseness of the plants, Mr. E. explained by saying the seed had not taken well, but when properly seeded, very heavy crops of this kind of grass could be grown on the land by irrigation.

Mr. W. A. Rand's farm is located in Jefferson County, seven miles north-east of Golden, and about eight miles north-west of Denver. The tract comprises about 1,500 acres, and is situated eight miles from the foot-hills. He is largely interested in a main canal for irrigating purposes, which starts at the foot of Golden, on Clear Creek. About two miles of his ditch was cut in 1859. In 1863 it was extended nine miles to Ralston Creek, and is now extended 35 miles. When completed the water flowing through it will irrigate 20,000 acres, and when the reservoirs are made, Mr. Rand says no less than 40,000 acres can be supplied with water for irrigating purposes.

Mr. Rand referred to a movement contemplated for using the waters of the Platte for irrigation. Lakes and reservoirs are to be constructed, and by properly locating and cutting the main canal, an immense region could be irrigated. Mr. Rand says many farmers make an extravagant use of water. If used economically, one hundred inches, he estimates, is amply sufficient for irrigating two hundred acres. It requires some experience in building dams to know where the water is to be used to the best advantage. For grain crops the land is irrigated in the months of June and July.

Mr. Rand says he has been raising wheat since 1863, irrigating from this ditch, and his crop has never, on an average, fallen below twenty bushels to the acre. His average now is twenty-five bushels per acre. He has raised eight crops of wheat on the same soil, and finds no apparent loss in its fertility. Every time the soil is irrigated, he thinks, is equal to a coat of manure.

He usually commences to cut and harvest the wheat crop the first of August. Oats produce on

this land at the rate of forty bushels per acre; barley at the rate of twenty bushels per acre. The average yield of potatoes has been one hundred bushels per acre. The soil is excellent for vegetables. His onions not unfrequently weigh four pounds each, and heads of cabbage have been grown weighing sixty pounds. The Winingstadt variety average about ten pounds per head.

Mr. Rand says he has kept on an average, as many as twenty-five cows since 1862, and sometimes forty head. During that time, he has not fed \$100 worth of feed in addition to pasturage. His cows run out in Winter and feed entirely upon grass. He believes, however, it would be economy to raise corn-fodder and roots and feed as occasion requires. His cows run on the same range during Summer and Winter. Mr. Rand says two acres of grass, as is now—the natural prairie grass—will afford sufficient food for a cow. The natural pastures grow better from year to year, as they are fed by cattle. If the grass-lands were irrigated, one acre of natural pasturage, he says, would keep a cow supplied with food for a year. By irrigation, the Buffalo grass, the Mesquit and Blue-Joint, he says, form a perfect mat, and make as good a turf as he ever saw East. By irrigating, the native grasses will yield on an average, two tons of cured hay per acre.

The winters are open, with little or no snow, but the ground freezes. Two years ago, Mr. Rand said, he wintered 2,000 sheep on pasturage and lost but one. The only storm of importance that year came on the 7th of April and lasted twenty-four hours. He put his sheep in the corral, and they came through, as before stated, all right.—*Rural New Yorker*.

BACK AGAIN.—George Gilson, who discovered the Erie coal mines, owned them for a year, and then traded his interest to Captain Austin for a flock of sheep, was a very discontented man. He grumbled at the very arid wastes of Colorado, its refractory ores, its hard times; so he traded sheep for horses and wagons, and turning his face eastward, shook the dust of the desert from his boots, and went to the States to live and die. This was seven or eight years ago. A few days since, a small train of prairie schooners came up the old Platte road, on to the lower Boulder, and there stopped. This train contained George Gilson—the distinguished—his family, relatives, and their families; all come to Colorado, here to stop forever. It is the old story; the blue skies, bright sunlight, and pure air, make of Colorado a near approach to a paradise, that once enjoyed cannot be forgotten.—*Longmont Press*.

## THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

This great national North and South highway is older than history. Humboldt wrote scientifically of it in 1800, detailing its topography with distinctness and accuracy. The early Catholic priests carried the Cross over its broad paths in the shadow of the seventeenth century. Hunter and trapper and trader tell of its legends from a date so far back that even Tradition dissolves in the mists of time. Fremont and Kit Carson and Ruxton and a long line of early explorers have followed its pathway in quest of science and discovery. Long before its occupation by American enterprise and adventure, it had been trodden, as a military highway, successively by the Indian, the Spaniard, the hardy Aztec and the polished Toltec. It is, in fact, the natural North and South route of the Continent, engineered by a Providential wisdom, not made with human hands. On the one side tower the impenetrable walls of the Rocky Mountains; on the other blaze the stretches of the arid plains. Between these two natural barriers, lies the grand Upland Plateau of the Continent, traversed by the Trail.

The old Trail is acquiring a fresh interest in these latter days from the fact that its course is being followed by another highway, more suited to the growing wants of the "New West"—a highway whose tiny rails, when completed, will become the iron spinal cord of the great mountainous backbone of the Continent. Already the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has reached the Arkansas, and it is steadily pushing its way southward, to halt only at the City of Old Mexico.

This road, which is thus supplanting the well-worn, ancient Trail, challenges attention in three great phases, which it may not be uninteresting to discuss briefly.

1. It is a bold determination of a new theory or system in railroad mechanics—the narrow gauge.
2. It is the first clearly conceived attempt at a through North and South Continental Line.
3. It opens the gates of Mexico and brings face

to face the Latin and Saxon civilizations of this continent.

As the initial narrow gauge railway of this country, the Denver and Rio Grande is a study to scientific men and a curiosity to all others. There have been other roads of a narrow gauge built in the United States, but all of them of very limited length or intended for a special and contracted business. This one aims at a line of 1700 miles and is already a full working road, carrying passenger travel and all kinds of freight. We have not space in the limits of such a paper to go into discussion of the principle of the narrow gauge, a question which the railway and scientific journals have been arguing with such heat for the past year or two. Suffice it to say here that it involves an entire revolution in the present system of railway construction, equipment, and management. The principle of the narrow gauge system now does not lie in the mere distance between the rails, but is a question of general and thorough economy and retrenchment in the present system of railway management. It means lighter equipment, less useless speed, and a perpetual saving in wear and tear, as well as in the first cost of construction and equipping.

As a Continental North and South through line the Denver and Rio Grande is a road of imperial conception. It aims at following the Eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, the whole length of the English, American, and Spanish belts. Heretofore, the vast continental railroad enterprises of this country have been East and West, and the north and south lines only short independent connections. This road is the first conception of a North and South system. With the Denver Pacific and a meditated extension from Cheyenne to some northern point on the one hand, and its own projection to the City of Mexico on the other, the Denver and Rio Grande will constitute a through North and South Continental line, bisecting at right angles the Northern Pacific, the Union and Central line, the Kansas Pacific, the Atlantic Pacific, the Texas Pacific, and any line running from the City of Mexico to the sea. With this faint outline of its

scheme, we leave the reader to fill up for himself the picture of its magnificent future.

And this future of the road it is which lifts it up from the plane of mere mechanics or trade into the ranks of statesmanship and political domination. By its charter already projected to the southern line of the Territory of New Mexico, its extension into the capital of the Republic of Mexico is only a question of time, and that time impending. The end it takes no prophet's tongue to tell. In these days the engines of peace are mightier than the engines of war. What Cortez and his mailed legions could not do; what Spain lost a regal province and hapless Maximilian his head in attempting, this road will achieve,—the establishment of the peace of Mexico. With trade come quiet and security, and these blessings this road will bring to our distracted and bleeding Sister-Republic. Before the resistless advance of its iron lines the Brigands of Mexico, with their daily revolutions and pronunciamientos, will disappear and dissolve like the Indians or buffalo of the plains. It is safe to say that no road now building in this country has greater national importance when we consider its social and political consequences.

In a business point of view this projection looks to a trade almost incalculable. It draws the wealth of Mexico into our borders. A glance at the map will show the strategic importance of the Denver and Rio Grande as a commercial line. There are but two ways leading out of Mexico, and the gates are Vera Cruz on the east and the line of this railway on the north. For long years the only communication has been by the sea eastward and by the old Santa Fe trail northward. Now comes this iron highway—itsself the centre of a grand system. Any child can see how it commands the situation.

Now for its success. Work was begun in the Summer of 1870, and one hundred and sixty miles are now operated. During 1872, an average length of one hundred miles was run under the management of the builders, the road being finally turned over by the contractors only on January 1st, 1873. During that time the gross earnings (leaving out entirely the amounts for construction materials carried) amounted to \$274,

421.73, and the expenses to \$170,354.33; leaving net earnings \$104,076.40.

This is certainly a splendid exhibit when we take into consideration the drawbacks incident to starting any enterprise, and recollect how those disadvantages must be multiplied when the undertaking itself is attempted in a new country. In the case of this enterprise, too, is to be added the experimental character of the whole machinery and equipment. There was nothing in the way of precedent for the men or managers to fall back upon; it was worked in a new country on a new principle, with new engines and cars and rolling-stock complete. It is, however, the returns of this year which will enable us more nearly to approximate the results of the future. During three Winter months of 1873, January, February, and March, when business is at worst and expenses at the highest in railroading in Colorado, the gross earnings of the main line from Denver to Pueblo, one hundred and eighteen miles, was \$81,145.18, and expenses, \$44,289.16; net earnings, \$36,856.02, and every month growing better.

During the next quarter, for the months of April, May, and June, they were, gross earnings, \$119,193.01, expenses, \$55,100.02; net earnings, \$64,092.99.

This is surely a showing as satisfactory as could be desired; but its strong feature to professional railroad men will be found in the extraordinary proportion of the net earnings to the gross, which, it will be seen, for some months exceed 53 per cent., and, for the first six months of this year, average 49½ per cent.

This question of the proportion of net earnings to the gross, or in other words the amount of profit in running the road, will probably be accepted in the end as the last of the controversy between narrow and broad gauge systems. Every one admits that a smaller road-bed can be built and equipped cheaper than a wide one.

The evidence of the initial full running year of the Denver and Rio Grande promises to be decisive on this question. With all the disadvantages of imperfect organization, of a new and comparatively unsettled country, of an experimental equipment, of distance from supplies, of

a short line with a constantly shifting terminus, the ratio of the net earnings to the gross of this road, run provisionally under the management of the contractors, considerably exceeded the average on established broad-gauge lines.

The net earnings of the average gauge roads of the United States do not often exceed 33 per cent. of the gross earnings.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway has already saved 37½ per cent. in the first cost of construction and equipment, and the vignette figures of 1873 seem to foreshadow the time when the ratio of its net earnings will be double the percentage of those of the broad-gauge,—when it

will earn 60 per cent. instead of the 30 per cent. which has heretofore been considered a pretty fair return for railway investments under the old system. This is an extraordinarily brilliant exhibit to make, but there seems no reason to believe that the Denver and Rio Grande is an exceptional instance of good fortune. As far as its case is exceptional, the exceptions bear against, and not in favor of, easy working and business patronage.

The history and exhibit of this road are presented as a legitimate argument in favor of the narrow-gauge system, and until they are met with something better must be accepted as conclusive.

N.

## MOUNTAIN PASTURES.

"It is a pity" said the writer of this article, some months since, when talking of the resources of Colorado, "that so little comparatively of the area of our great Territory can be utilized for agricultural or even stock-growing purposes. Just look at the immense stretch of country west of us—pointing to the Rocky Mountains—that can never be settled excepting in certain little spots by miners of gold and silver."

"Ah, my dear sir," exclaimed an old "Fifty-Niner" who stood by, "you are much mistaken in supposing that the mining interest is the only one that is susceptible of development among those hills. Why, sir, rich as are our mines, containing gold and silver enough right on the surface to pay the debts of all the nations in the world ten times over, there is more money in *dairying* up there than in mining, and yet the former interest is entirely neglected."

This assertion of one whose knowledge of Colorado was acquired by many years of intelligent observation and experience was a surprising one, but the writer had an opportunity, a short time after this conversation occurred, to visit with a friend, a few square miles only of the region in question, and what he saw there more than confirmed the words of the old pioneer. The mountains were entered in this instance by way of Ute Pass, up along that most beautiful of all streams, the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, that here

dashes down the mountain side in a way that puts to shame the "waters of Lodore," washing the feet of Pike's Peak as it descends. After awhile the landscape widened out into a rolling country, covered with good grass, broken up occasionally by ridges capped with pine trees. To the right and left, running out like the branches of a tree, were beautiful and fertile valleys, traversed by streams of clear, cold water, that have their sources in numerous springs which would excite the wonder and admiration of the dairy-men who live in the suburbs of our eastern cities.

Close to one of these charming springs, where the water bubbled up in a volume sufficient to form a considerable rivulet, stood the neat log-house of a settler. Everything about the premises looked so neat and clean, and our appetites being stimulated by a drive of many miles through the bracing mountain air, we were tempted to inquire for a bite of something to eat, which was cheerfully granted us. In a few minutes we sat down to a very excellent meal, but remarkable only for the quality of the cream and butter, which were supplied in lavish quantities. This cream was as much superior, in consistency and flavor, to the very best article that we have ever seen in the spring houses in the States, as the latter is superior to the sky-blue fluid, that is measured out daily to the credulous citizens of

New York. The butter was equally good, and the two together would be very much more likely to

"Tempt the dying anchorite to eat."  
than Sidney Smith's model salad.

Our kind host and wife had emigrated from Michigan in order to "get away from the bad roads there". They kept about half-a-dozen cows, and cultivated some forty or fifty acres of land. A meadow close to the house was pointed out to us, where last season about three hundred bushels of potatoes per acre had been raised.

As the ground here is over seven thousand feet above sea-level, comparatively few vegetables will grow, but the grass is excellent and an immense quantity of stock could be grazed here the year round. Our friend probably exaggerated somewhat when he assured us that there was water and grass enough "within ten miles of his ranche to make all the butter required by the people of the Mississippi Valley," we were satisfied, however, that, if the whole Rocky Mountain area in Colorado, was like that around us in El Paso and Park Counties it could readily be made the greatest butter and cream producing region in the world. The wonderfully cool and pure air of the mountains, free from all of the bad odors that taint the butter made in many localities, peculiarly fit it for a dairy region, and nothing is needed but time to fill every cove and valley of these mountains with butter and cheese ranches. At the present time it is very nearly impossible to get Colorado butter at any price, and that which is brought hither from the States is very poor in quality. The old Colorado miner knew a thing or two when he demanded ranche butter and eggs of the waiter at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, "none of your confounded State trash for me."

Pursuing our course westerly, we crossed the mountain rim that environs South Park. Descriptions of this magnificent tract of land have been drawn by abler pens; the writer will, therefore, confine himself to a few words bearing upon some of its material resources. South Park is probably capable of feeding from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle the year round, while no more than five thousand to eight thousand are usually grazing

there. Near the western boundary of the Park, about twenty miles east of Fairplay, is the celebrated cattle ranche of Mr. Hartsell, who has probably the best, though not the largest herd of cattle in Colorado. Mr. Hartsell, though still a young man, has acquired a large amount of experience in his branch of business. When a boy he herded cattle in Pennsylvania, removing afterwards to Ohio, then to Indiana, then still further west, finally bringing up in Colorado where he proposes to remain. He informed the writer that he never made any money until he came to this Territory. Mr. Hartsell is an expert in his line of business. He believes in "Short-Horns", and has carefully eliminated every animal that tends to an inferior breed. By careful observation he has reached conclusions that will be new to many old stock-men. When we reached Mr. Hartsell's place, we found him engaged in slaughtering a beautiful heifer, some two years old, that appeared to be nearly a pure Durham. Upon expressing surprise at such a proceeding, Mr. H. remarked that he "needed beef and killed this heifer because she had a black nose. This mark," continued he "is a sure indication that she possessed the characteristics of some of the bad-blooded stock from which she, in part, descended. You will find that there will be more restless, vicious animals in a herd of thirty black-noses, than in a herd of a hundred mealy or yellow noses." This, of course, was new to us, but that he was right we had no doubt.

Mr. Hartsell has been in South Park for some three or four years, and has never been troubled by snow. Should a heavy storm occur, as has sometimes been the case in former years, he proposes to drive his herd across the rim of the Park to the Arkansas Valley.

Many of the little valleys in the Mountains furnish food and shelter for a large number of cattle during the winter months. "Four Mile Creek" just west and south-west of Pike's Peak, is, with many stockmen, a favorite range in the winter. At the present time the valley of that creek is swarming with cattle.

The temperature of South Park, owing to its altitude, over 9,000 feet above sea-level, is rather low for the successful cultivation of vegetables. Potatoes will in some seasons turn out a crop,



and turnips will probably mature; but all the more sensitive plants would be injured or destroyed by the frequent frosts of the mid-summer months. The natural home of the potato appears to be in the naturally irrigated, cold soil of the valleys of the mountain regions of Colorado, at altitudes of 8,000 feet or under. The writer saw 350 bushels per acre taken out of a meadow on one of the tributaries of "Four Mile Creek." They were worth on the ground one dollar per bushel. The ground upon which they grew cost nothing. Thousands of acres equally good can be bought for one dollar and a quarter per acre. Think of this, farmers of Pennsylvania and New York, who raise from 40 to 100 bushels

to the acre on ground worth from \$150 to \$250 per acre.

The writer, in this article, has described a spot only of the "rough" region of Colorado. He has reason to believe that the description would apply to her whole mountain area. This section is capable of immense development, and that it will teem with a population of industrious and hardy people in a score of years, is as certain as anything in the future can possibly be. Its settlement will be promoted by a climate as healthful and delicious as can be found on Earth, and by scenery that must exercise an ennobling influence upon the mind of man.

CINCINNATUS.

## TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS.

The recent conclusion of a Treaty with the Ute Indians for the cession of the "San Juan Country," will render of some interest a short statement of what had already been accomplished by previous Treaties with the "aborigines" of Colorado.

In 1858,—which may be fixed as the commencement of the era of white settlement in Colorado—the whole of the Territory was Indian country, in the sense that it was all occupied and ranged over by various tribes. The mountains were the home of the Utes. The plains were the hunting-grounds of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apaches, Sioux, etc., who were classed together under the general term of Prairie Indians. The border-land between the mountains and the plains was the common fighting-ground of the hostile tribes; for,—contrary to a common custom amongst Indians, which sets apart as neutral ground a dividing strip of country between the possessions of two Nations—the Utes and the Prairie Indians recognized no neutral ground, but fought whenever and wherever they met, the fortunes of war carrying the battle at times into the country of the one, at times into the country of the other, but maintaining it, as a rule, upon the indefinite border-land which is spoken of as the "Foot of the Mountains."

Thus, it will be seen, there was no place for

the white man, no little sacred spot on which civilization might put her foot in security; and the daring pioneers who came in were dependent for the safety of their very lives upon such tolerance as they could win from the Indians by conciliation and by purchase.

For a time, such tolerance was granted with more or less of willingness on the part of the Indians, but it was not long before they began to complain that the white men were encroaching upon their country and driving away their game, and that they were receiving no compensation for their loss. The first complainants were the Prairie Indians, the first white settlements—though within a few miles of the mountains—having been upon the Plains.

The United States Government in its dealings with Indians has recognized (whether wisely or not, we do not now stay to consider) their proprietary right in the country in which they have been found. A writer in this Magazine (p. 26) has said that "the general government of late years has never recognized any right in fee simple to belong to any tribe of wild or nomadic Indians. It only recognizes in them a barbarous possession, which can be but little other or better than that of the savage beast of the forest." That statement can scarcely be sustained by reference to fact. The general government, by

stipulating to make certain payments to the Indians in return for their relinquishment of certain portions of the country over which they had been accustomed to range at their own free will, has virtually allowed that the Indians held a right in that country. Even in the case of territory ceded to the United States by the Mexican Government, such a right has been recognized as belonging to the Indians found in possession, although the Mexican Government had previously recognized no such right. We need cite only one instance. That portion of Colorado south of the Arkansas River was acquired from Mexico. The acquired territory included a number of "Spanish Grants"—tracts of country which had previously been granted by the Mexican Government to Mexican subjects, and the grantees' right to which was reserved when the cession of territory was made. It might well have been thought that the U. S. Government would recognize no Indian right to such Tracts, but it did recognize such a right, as is evident from the fact that in one Treaty which was made, the Indian Reservation actually covered a portion of one of such Grants. The very expression, "Reservation," indeed, implies that a right was recognized on the part of the Indians to *reserve* such portions of the country as they were not willing to dispose of.

It was in accordance with this general principle that, when the Cheyennes and Arapahoes complained of the white men's encroachments upon their country, a Treaty was made with them for the relinquishment of a portion of their former hunting-grounds. This Treaty (the first with the Indians of Colorado) was made, we believe, in 1860, by Col. Boone, and secured to the white men the whole of the plains country from the Arkansas to the North Platte, with the exception of a Reservation in the neighborhood of Fort Wise (subsequently Fort Lyon). In return for this relinquishment, the government undertook to make an annual distribution of blankets, provisions, implements, etc., to the Indians.

This Treaty soon proved to be of little use. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes occupying the northern portion of the Territory, refused to be bound by it on the ground that they were not represented when its terms were drawn up, and

that the Reservation was not one to which they would go, as it was altogether out of their country; they wanted a Reservation, if at all, in the north of the Territory, upon the Cache-la-Poudre or thereabouts.

Other causes of dissatisfaction arose or were created, and in place of peace there were grumblings, hostility, collisions, and so forth, until the culmination was reached in the Sand Creek affair. Of Sand Creek we may have somewhat to say hereafter; but it is sufficient for our present subject to note that it most unmistakably rendered necessary more work in the way of Treaty-making.

The whole of the negotiations which followed the Sand Creek affair need not be chronicled, but we may pass at once to the Treaty of 1865, which was concluded at the Camp on the Little Arkansas, "between John B. Sanborn, William S. Harney, Thomas Murphy, Kit Carson, William S. Bent, Jesse H. Leavenworth, and James Steele, Commissioners on the part of the United States, and Moke-ta-se-to (Black Kettle), Oh-to-ah-ne-so-to-whoe (Seven Bulls), Oh-has-tee (Little Raven), Oh-hah-nah-hah (Storm), and other Chiefs and Headmen of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes of Indians."

This Treaty gave to the President of the United States the right to define a Reservation for the use of the Indians beyond the limits of the Territory, and secured a relinquishment of the claims and rights of the Indians in or to any portion of the United States or Territories outside the limits of such Reservation, "more especially to the country bounded as follows, viz: beginning at the junction of the north and south forks of the Platte River; thence up the north fork to the top of the principal range of the Rocky Mountains, or to the Red Buttes; thence down the Arkansas River to the Cimarrone crossing of the same; thence to the place of beginning; which country they claim to have originally owned, and never to have relinquished the title thereto." The "consideration" for this transfer of Territory was an agreement on the part of the United States Government to expend annually, during the period of forty years, for the benefit of the Indians who were parties to the Treaty, an amount which should be equal to

forty dollars per capita for each person entitled to participate in its beneficial provisions. The number so entitled at the time of the ratification of the Treaty was put down at two thousand eight hundred.

About the same time that this Treaty was concluded with the confederated bands of Cheyennes and Arapahoes of the southern part of the Territory, a Treaty was made with the confederated bands of the same tribes in the northern part of the Territory, and they were removed to a Reservation near the mouth of the Cheyenne on the Missouri River. Thus, the Territory was altogether relieved from the presence of the "Prairie Indians," save as they may make an occasional predatory incursion contrary to the provisions of their Treaty.

The history of the Treaty-making with the Utes or Mountain Indians is not dissimilar to that in which the Prairie Indians were concerned, except that no Sand Creek marked an epoch in its course.

Though the first settlements were, as we have said, upon the outskirts of the Mountains, no long time elapsed before our people pushed into the gorges and up on to the slopes in search of silver and gold, and the Utes began to complain of encroachments as the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had done before them.

Negotiations were therefore entered into with them, and in 1863, Governor Evans, as *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Colorado, Col. John M. Chivington, military commander of the District of Colorado, and John S. Nicolay, then private secretary to President Lincoln, entered into a Treaty with the Tabeguache Utes at the Plaza Guadalupe on the Conejos River. By this Treaty, the Indians ceded to the Government all their territory with the exception of an extensive Reservation, which took in the upper or northern portion of the San Luis Valley, including what is now Saguache and the San Luis Creek settlements. Before the confirmation of the Treaty by the Senate, the Eastern boundary of the Reservation was pushed back westward to the Summit of the Sierra Madre.

This Treaty failed to give satisfaction for exactly the same reasons as those which rendered

the first Treaty with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes unsatisfactory. The Ute Nation includes not only the Tabeguaches, but six other bands, and complaint was made by the six minor bands that they had not been consulted in reference to the Treaty and were not among its beneficiaries.

In 1868, therefore, another Treaty was made "between Nathaniel G. Taylor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Alexander C. Hunt, Governor of Colorado Territory, and *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and Kit Carson, duly authorized to represent the United States of the one part, and the representatives of the Tabeguache, Muache, Capote, Weeminuche, Yampa, Grand River, and Uintah bands of Ute Indians duly authorized and empowered to act for the body of the people of said bands of the other part."

In this Treaty, some of the provisions of the 1863 Treaty were confirmed, but important modifications were made. The whole of the bands of the Ute Nation were made parties to it, and the limits of the Reservation were materially changed. The bounds of the Reservation were thus laid down: "Commencing at that point on the Southern boundary line of the Territory of Colorado, where the meridian of longitude 107° west of Greenwich crosses the same; running thence north with said meridian to a point fifteen miles due north of where said meridian intersects the fortieth parallel of north latitude, thence due west to the western boundary line of said Territory; thence south with said western boundary line of said Territory to the southern boundary line said Territory; thence East with said southern boundary line to the place of beginning."

The Treaty with the "Prairie Indians" removed them, as we have seen, altogether out of the Territory; this Treaty with the Mountain Indians removed them entirely "over the Range," or to the western slope of the Mountains, a portion of Colorado which has had little or no attraction for white settlers until within the past few months.

In return for the cession of Territory, the Government was pledged by the Treaty to expend a sum not exceeding \$30,000 per annum for thirty years for clothing, blankets, and other articles of

utility for the Indians and a further sum not exceeding \$30,000 per annum in supplying the Indians with food, "until such time as said Indians shall be found to be capable of sustaining themselves."

The Treaty contains numerous provisions framed with a view of enabling the Indians to become "capable of sustaining themselves;" but of these provisions and of others, both in the 1868 Treaty and the 1865 Treaty, which are worthy

of notice, we have not now space to give particulars. They may claim attention in a subsequent paper.

The Ute Reservation remained as above defined until the autumn of the present year, when the Treaty for the cession of the "San Juan Country" was concluded by Commissioner Brunot. This also may afford a subject for a separate article.

H. A. W.

### THE MOUNTS LINCOLN AND BROSS MINES.

The mineral deposits of Mts. Lincoln and Bross are new in their character to Colorado miners, and possess many points of great interest to the geologist and mineralogist. As far as known, these, and the newly-discovered mines in the San Juan District, are the only occurrence of silver ores in a limestone formation in the Territory.

The Mosquito Range is an off-shoot of the main Sierra Madre, or Rocky Mountains; the latter, along the northern boundary of Park County, bear towards the south-west for about forty miles, and then turn at an angle of nearly 60° toward the south. At a point five to ten miles north-east of this bend, on the main Range, commences the Mosquito Range, which, running also nearly due south, forms the western boundary of the South Park, and separates the head waters of the South Platte from those of the Arkansas. Mt. Lincoln is the culminating point of this divide. It is separated only by a low saddle from the Sierra Madre, and by a very slight depression from Mt. Bross, the next lowest peak to the south. The Mosquito Mountains, then continuing in a direction parallel to the Rockies, rise again in several peaks, and finally die away in small hills about sixty miles beyond.

South Park, which lies at the foot and to the eastward of this divide, is a comparatively level basin, surrounded on all sides by continuous ranges, and having been at one time the bed of an inland salt-water lake, or sea, embracing an area of about 1,500,000 acres. The floor of the Park is composed of limestone and sandstone,

belonging, it is believed, to the Permian or Devonian Age. There are several distinct strata of each of these rocks, containing beds of marl and gypsum in places, the whole being bent and folded to almost every point of the compass in ridges and minor divides throughout the entire extent of the Park. With these, however, the present article has nothing to do, with this exception, viz: that these same sedimentary strata overlir and form the Mosquito Range, being bent up at an angle of from 15° to 20° by the subterranean force that threw up the more ancient granites.

A section of Mts. Lincoln and Bross would show, therefore, the same strata that exist underneath the city of Fairplay. Commencing at the lowest, they are as follows:

#### 1. MICA SCHIST.

From 600 to 700 feet thick, carrying minute quantities of gold and silver ores, but entirely too disseminated to be of any value. This stratum is supposed to overlay the granites, and is the lowest known rock of the Mosquito Range.

#### 2. QUARTZITE.

About 500 feet thick. The principal gold-bearing rock of the mountains. Carries auriferous copper and iron pyrites in apparent true fissure veins. Is most strongly developed in the neighborhood of Montgomery and Quartzville.

#### 3. LIMESTONE.

Three hundred feet thick, of a whitish color. Metalliferous, but the ores are too widely scattered through the rock to be profitably mined.

## 4. LIMESTONE.

Of a bluish color, 500 feet thick. In this belt are all the great silver mines. The richest being found in the upper part.

## 5. SANDSTONE.

Partly decomposed; from forty to fifty feet thick, carrying, throughout, grains of iron and copper pyrites, which, however, are not productive of the precious metal.

## 6. PORPHYRY.

This rock forms the cap of both Lincoln and Bross. It is disintegrated on or near the surface, and many of the pieces are torn and striated by glacial action. When polished it is found seamed with slate and quartz dykes, and the whole mass is impregnated sensibly with silver and gold in small quantities.

All the great silver mines are found, as has been stated, in the blue limestone belt. Outside of that, no deposits have been discovered of any value. The ore occurs in beds and chambers parallel with the dip of the strata; in apparently true fissures, striking across the strike of the limestone; and in irregular deposits, or pockets, having no general course or pitch, and often unconnected with each other in the same mine by any seam or fissure by which to follow from one to the other. Sometimes these pockets are very large, extending for long distances into and along the hill, and again they are but little vuggs in the rock, entirely alone and separated by hundreds of feet from any other. Very few, if any, of the mines show any regularity, either in the course or pitch of their ore bodies, and oftentimes the mineral is so disseminated throughout the rock that what might be termed the vein material is many feet in width, and entirely without any well defined boundary. In fact, so irregular are the ore channels that it is often an impossible matter to tell where the pay material ceases, without assays or mill-tests.

The ores furnished by the Lincoln and Bross mines are generally sulphides. Copper, lead, iron, and antimony in a sulphuretted or oxidized condition form the mass of the material, and in these the silver is distributed as glance, native metal, and perhaps a little chloride, though the occurrence of the latter compound is very doubt-

ful. Galena exists in very small quantities, copper to a higher percentage, while probably the largest proportion of base metal are the various minerals of iron. In spite, however, of that non-venous character, all these deposits are accompanied with a gangue of heavy spar, which often furnishes a clue by which to trace out hidden bodies of mineral, and is confidently followed by the miner as a sure guide.—*Mining Review*.

COLORADO CORN.—It is generally conceded that Colorado is not a corn country as compared with Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, and it is pretty generally believed that it is impossible to raise good corn in this Territory. This belief is based upon the fact that the nights are usually so cold that corn is thereby stunted, and the varieties produced here in the early times before the farmer had learned to manage Colorado soil, went far to strengthen that belief. But this year Boulder county has produced corn which stands ten feet high and is as fine looking as the average of that raised in the corn-growing States. True the yield is not so great per acre, but the quality is as good, and twenty bushels per acre at Colorado prices will net the farmer more cash than seventy bushels in the States. Last week we took a flying trip over the St. Vrain's valley and saw corn which will yield probably thirty-five bushels per acre. Some of this was "ten-rowed" corn which had originally been eight-rowed—the quality had improved by cultivation in Colorado. The idea that we cannot grow anything that grows in this latitude, is fast becoming overturned. On the same trip we saw some peach and apple trees in fine cultivation and as thrifty as a little grove of black walnuts as one could wish to set eyes on. Another farmer has planted several thousand hickory nuts, many of which are coming up finely.—*Longmont Inter-Ocean*.

SMALL FARMS.—Here in Colorado, as well as in all countries where agriculture is a prominent industry, we find the popular hobby is to possess many acres, without regard to the amount of capital necessary to successfully cultivate such large areas. All practical experience goes to show that small or medium-sized farms are the most economically worked, and a larger return obtained in proportion to the amount of capital invested, than those of very large dimensions; especially is this the case where irrigation is practiced to any great extent. That farming is likely to be the most advanced where the proprietor not only directs but also works with his own hands—directing by example, as well as by precept. Such a degree of advancement cannot be attained by the masses when landed property is controlled by a few wealthy monopolists. The same attention will not and cannot possibly be bestowed upon a tract of a thousand acres, where the owner merely sees that the work is done, as upon a farm of eighty or a hundred and sixty acres, where much of the labor will naturally be performed by the owner, who, in this manner, is brought in the closest contact to advancement itself. Far better is it for the interests of agriculture and the agriculturist to own and occupy medium-sized farms, and improve them to develop their full capacity, than to add to them large tracts to be but superficially cultivated, and be wanting those comforts and luxuries which are the attendants of small or medium-sized farms. Finally, be in no haste to be "land poor," say we.—*Colorado Agriculturist*.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

**FARMERS WANTED.**—One of the wants of this portion of Colorado, at the present time, is a goodly number of farmers, practical, industrious, and thrifty farmers, men who will till the rich soil of the valleys and mesas of Southern Colorado thoroughly and to a purpose. The old-time and present ranchmen of Colorado have done a good work in developing the country. They have practically demonstrated the fact that the apparently barren soil of the plains only requires moisture to make it abundantly productive, and have shown beyond a peradventure that this remote country is one of the best agricultural districts in the world. While doing this they have, as a rule, made themselves comfortable homes and considerable money besides. They are the pioneers of a great agricultural country, and what is now required is practical, hard-working, and skillful agriculturists, to take full advantage of their developments. The country needs thrifty and industrious settlers of all kinds, but especially farmers who have the means to develop and stock farms, and to begin farming in good style. To such men, Southern Colorado offers extraordinary inducements. The soil is wonderfully productive and easily tilled, the climate most favorable and the market for farm products good at home. Of course it must be understood that, in the greater portion of the country, irrigation is essential to successful farming, but there are already immense tracts of arable land under water, which can be procured at most reasonable rates. We want industrious, thrifty and skillful farmers, who have enough means to pay for and to stock their farms in Southern Colorado, by the thousands, and to these, the country will yield fortunes.—*Pueblo Chieftain*.

**BEES IN COLORADO.**—Among other industries which many have heretofore claimed could not be profitably pursued in Colorado, is that of bee-keeping. From different sources, however, we hear of the most gratifying success being achieved in this line. Some of our bee-keepers are nothing less than enthusiastic in praise of this country when looking at it from a "bee stand-point" of view. A short time since we had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Elisha Bennett, who resides five miles up the Platte from Denver, and, as this is a specialty with him, we gained many interesting facts in regard to his experience. He commenced with two hives eighteen months ago, has purchased ten hives since, and now has in all thirty-five. He says there is no more danger of losing a swarm than in any section of the East; and that he never yet raised a particle of buckwheat for their subsistence, because he found the flora of the plains and valleys amply sufficient. In answer to our question as to their hardiness during Winter, Mr. Bennett said he had not experienced the slightest difficulty with the bees thus far in keeping them through the Winter. His mode of protection is to set the hives on the north side of a fence, so that the bees will never come out on days when the temperature is so low as to be apt to prevent their return. He puts a good matting of straw between the hives and behind them, and thus far has found no use for a shed. With ordinary success, Mr. B. expects to have a hundred swarms next year, which will be the most paying feature of his ranch. We were shown some of the honey, in combs and strained—the latter separated by means of a patent honey extractor—all of which was as perfect as could be imagined, both in appearance and quality, upon examination and test. While conversing with Mr. Bennett we very flatteringly said that "Colorado is the best country in North America for bees"—and that after an extended experience in different sections of the East.—*Colorado Agriculturist*.

**COLORADO SPRINGS.**—The march of civilization has hardly yet erased from the soil the foot-prints of barbarism, to-day, in this beautiful town of Colorado Springs, with its four or five magnificent churches, its school buildings, and stately hotels, and solid business blocks, its broad streets with long lines of thrifty trees on either side, its two flourishing lankin houses, and its scores of well appointed offices, its great livery barns, its railroad and depots, its twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, with all the modern appliances and improvements necessary to the country's speedy development, it is interesting to contemplate that this marvelous change has taken place within a period of "two years' duration." Grand highways have been constructed, bridges built, and winding footpaths and broad roads gird the mountains near here. Under the plastic influence of a few lending spirits, this piece of country has suddenly sprung from obscurity and worthlessness to a widespread notoriety and great pecuniary worth. The number who have visited here from abroad the past season, may be counted by thousands, and as they carry home to their friends the tidings of these wonders, it will increase their coming for many future years. Let them build towns, and cities, and railroads, and establish telegraph lines above the clouds, yet the chief attractions will remain untarnished by the aggressive human hand, and the ever-warring disposition of man will not avail to check the flow of these medicinal waters, change the nature of these vast cliffs, remove the beautiful cascades that abound here, or disfigure the grand old mountains that look down upon us. Nothing but an earthquake will mar the beauty that adorns these parks and valleys, these table-lands and foot-hills, these mural canons and rock-ribbed sierras.—*Pueblo Chieftain*.

**THE LAST DRIVE.**—When climbing on the coach at Floyd Hill, I was disappointed in not finding in the driver's seat a friend of mine, and one to whom this part of the country is firmly attached. No better type of the coach driver lives than "Hi," Washburne. He is one of the primitive school, and has cracked the "leaders" through from Georgetown to Denver, many and many a time. He was rough and unpolished without, yet his crude exterior was the covering of a large and warm heart, whose every pulsation was the sign of heroism. He guarded with jealous care the reputation and dignity of his profession, and looked upon the modern civilizer—railroads—with the most unfeigned disgust. When, with six-in-hand, he carried a party of us through last June, from Floyd Hill to Idaho, five miles in twenty-five minutes, I asked, "Hi," that was pretty good time you made, wasn't it?" "Pooh," said he, "that isn't a murker to what I usually make." But "Hi's" days on the driver's box were numbered. The story is short and, like so many others where heroism is displayed, is as bitter as it is short. One day he was touching up the leaders gaily over the mountain road when an axle gave way. The horses became less manageable as the coach tipped, and "Hi," was thrown to the ground. Had he neglected to do one thing, the old driver perhaps would have driven many years more. But he knew his duty and he performed it. *He held on to the reins.* He was dragged about three hundred yards over the rough ground. At last the horses came to a stop, the passengers were unhurt, but "Hi," was crippled for life. He had driven his last drive.—*Omaha Herald*.

NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO.—Although New Mexico is now much nearer than it was a few months ago to the point of shipping out wool and some other products upon railways, and shipping is the great amount of goods and groceries consumed yearly in this and Arizona Territories and places south, still we are compelled to notice how dark and sluggish public movements and improvements are, compared with Colorado, which came into political and settled existence within a very few past years. The immigration there are a fresh, go-ahead and energetic people, and bring with them the experience, knowledge, spirit, and ambition of the States from whence they come. They adopt the means to procure and plant in their new homes, the advantages which the arts, literature, and science gave them in their old homes. We do not mention these things to notice, with any misanthropic spirit the difference which now exists between Colorado and New Mexico. It is to exemplify what human brains and hands can do, when highly excited and profitably directed. It is to keep before the public mind, what New Mexico can and must come to, at no distant day. It is in no boasting spirit, we express the general concession that this Territory is much superior, taking all its natural elements in view, to Colorado. It has minerals in abundance, very extensive and rich valleys, and unmeasured ranges for sheep, cattle, and Angora goats, a capacity for vineyards equal to California in degree, if not in extent, and a climate warmer and superior to Colorado. Portions have been settled, now, counting three centuries of time. The population is about 90,000—far exceeding Colorado, yet improvements and the arts of civilization, here, lag behind. New Mexico remained towards three hundred years a part of Old Mexico, and made hardly any advance in material improvements of a public nature, aside from the churches and the gloomy-looking place at Santa Fé called the Palace. Old Mexico gave to her no go-ahead impulses. She had from year to year to fight and defend herself against the hostile and surrounding savage tribes. Colorado was brought under the fostering care of the United States as soon as her people formed groups of societies. When the Union Pacific Railroad penetrated westward upon her northern border, she received an impulse not to be checked. Between the route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, her *located importance* made her development and growth inevitable. So now, New Mexico has her geographical importance. The Rio Grande, Kansas Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railways, all point and press in this direction. All are hastening to obtain or to keep, the carrying trade, the business and travel of New Mexico. The efforts of the two last named roads, to secure the business of New Mexico, have grown to a hot competition. When the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road had pushed itself to Granada, it stood in the front ground of advantage to secure all of the principal profits of the business and travel of this country. The Kansas Pacific then pushed a branch fifty-five miles down to Las Animas, so as to be upon tolerable, at least, competing grounds with the A. T. & S. F. road. Each are after the profits of business with New Mexico, and whichever of them advances further this way will compel the others to advance. Then the Rio Grande narrow-gauge is making its fast progress, and will be ahead of the other roads next year, unless they shall extend also. The prospects of the Denver and the Union Pacific securing amounts of profits from intercourse with the business and travel of New Mexico, would seem to depend chiefly upon the progress of the Rio Grande narrow-gauge road. Without this brought down to a near point or within New Mexico, Denver, as to us, must be "left out in the cold." Either of the other roads will have the chance. The narrow-gauge once in the Rio Grande Valley, and the route will be easy down the country, and the hopes of Santa Fé may rapidly grow into fruition. New Mexico is surely seeing the march of

events opening to her a future, all of which has dawned upon Colorado.—*Santa Fé Union*.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF NEW MEXICO.—Silver City is the centre of a section of country about 100 miles square, in all parts of which discoveries of metals, from gold down to iron, have been made. It lies in the Sierra Madre range—the same in which the old mines of Mexico exist, and from which that nation has derived her millions of treasure in the ages past, and which are still yielding almost fabulous amounts, although worked in a very crude and unsystematic manner. The silver mines of this locality are said, by those who have visited both, to be almost exactly of the same general character, equally rich and extensive, and, when fully developed by skilled American labor and improved machinery, will undoubtedly produce much greater proportionate results. The ore from the various mines differs materially in character, and requires different processes for its reduction. A great deal can only be worked by smelting, while some of it can be easily separated by crushing and amalgamation. Some of the mines are believed to be huge deposits, while others show true fissure veins. The grade of much of the ore is very high, some yielding as high as \$4,000 to the ton, and none is worked that does not run as high as \$60 to \$75 per ton. Then there are millions upon millions of low-grade ore, which will run from \$20 to \$60 to the ton. A few miles to the north are the famous Pinos Altos Placers, which are rich in gold but lack water for working; there are also rich and well-defined true fissure veins of both gold and silver, which are more or less worked, some to the depth of 100 feet. Pinos Altos is a remarkably rich district, and will eventually give employment to thousands of people. Lone Mountain district is about nine miles east of this place, and contains many mines of great richness, nearly all the ore from which shows pure horn silver. The disadvantage under which this place is laboring is the lack of milling facilities, or means of reducing the ore. About fifteen miles northeast of Silver City is the renowned Santo Bite copper mine, which has been worked for many years, yielding ore so rich in copper and gold as to make it profitable to pack it on mules to the coast, a distance of 1,000 miles, thence to ship to Europe for separation. The cheaper transportation which will be furnished upon the completion of the Texas Pacific Railway will make this mine one of great value. In the same vicinity are the Hanover and San Jose copper mines, and also an iron mountain, from which ore has been taken sufficiently pure to be hammered out without smelting. To the west are the Burno Mountains, which are almost a mass of ore—gold, silver, and copper all being found there. Rabston, just west of these mountains, is another place where millions of tons of rich silver ore exist, but cannot at present be obtained for lack of wood and water. In time, a road will be built from these mines to the Gila River, a distance of 25 miles, over which the ore will be transported to the splendid water-powers on this river, where it may be profitably worked. Among other discoveries made in this vicinity may be enumerated kaolin, fire-clay, and a vein of very fine white marble. Good indications of coal exist, and the early discovery of this mineral is confidently expected. There is a splendid future in store for this section of country, which will be hastened by the construction of the Texas Pacific Railway, which is now being rapidly built. It is expected the cars will reach here in about two years, and then the greatest drawback to the prosperity of this region will be removed, viz: expensive and slow transportation. The natural wealth of this country is enormous. Here are mountains of precious metals, enough to build an empire, only waiting the means of development. The present supply of mills and reduction works is not equal to one-tenth of the demand. Let capitalists make a note of this. Settlement



in this country has been greatly retarded by the hostility of the Indians; but Cochise, the great chief of the Apaches, having made peace, and his people having gone to their reservation in Arizona, it is believed there will be little further difficulty of the kind, although it is still deemed advisable to travel in company, and armed, to insure freedom from molestation by roving outlaws whom the chief may not be able to control.—*Correspondent Chicago Tribune.*

**A THOUSAND DOLLARS AN ACRE.**—The visit of the editor of the Greeley *Tribune* to Salt Lake City, and the investigations that have arisen from the discussions at the Irrigation Convention at Denver, lead to some important ideas. One of the remarkable things to be considered is, that, as a result of thirty years occupancy of Utah, the people have put only 200,000 acres in cultivation. One might suppose from hearing of the vast amounts of wheat they raise, supplying their own wants, and of mining towns and military forts, and of their immense peach, apple, and apricot orchards, and of the prosperity of their city, as well as of hundreds of towns, that they must have millions and millions of acres in cultivation. This 200,000 acres makes only about fifty townships, equal to two small counties in Illinois, Michigan, or Ohio. They estimate that they can water 200,000 acres more, making, altogether, a region not larger than Rhode Island. The estimate of land that can be artificially irrigated in Colorado is 1,000,000 of acres, over twice as much as Utah, an area larger than Delaware, and less than that of New Jersey. This is all that Colorado can come to, and this only after twenty million dollars, at least, shall have been spent in constructing canals. It must seem evident that it will be a long time before our farming shall occupy an extent equal to a corner of one of the Mississippi Valley States. Those Eastern farmers who expect to come to Colorado and get 160 acres of land, well watered, for my small sum, will be disappointed. The conditions are altogether different here from what they are there, and it is useless to look for similarity. Irrigation is certainly expensive if one is to farm on a large scale, and do good farming. But a small amount of land will produce the same results that large amounts produce in the States with less labor though not with less attention. It is the water, not the land, that has the value. Land may be had, and good land, too, almost for the asking. We can begin to see, and understand, now, how it is that land in the vicinity of Ogden and other towns in Utah, when well improved, is worth \$1,000 an acre, and why it is that five-acre lots, two and three miles from Salt Lake City, without much improvement, are worth \$300 an acre, and why common farms are worth from \$100 to \$200 an acre. It can be said definitely that there are two reasons why irrigated land must be dear, one, because there is so little that can be watered, in comparison with the vast country, and because it is so uniformly productive in grain, vegetables, and fruit. No American bottom, nor Mississippi, nor Connecticut valley nor Mohawk flats, can equal irrigated lands in yield, considering the labor bestowed. We may say that it is an open question whether we shall be able to raise peaches, but it is not so as to whether we shall be able to raise cherries, pears and apples. Next spring every man who is prepared to take care of fruit should plant. Shelter will be important, but it is a great deal more important that the ground of an orchard is kept constantly moist. No shelter will answer instead. If there is any place in the world where peaches should be grown, it is in the Arkansas Valley, 250 miles south of us, but they have never raised a peach, and scarcely an apple. Even in New Mexico they raise but little fruit, and the country was settled before the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. It takes the right kind of people to raise fruit. Now, let us plant trees, and let on water, and make our suburban land worth a thousand dollars an acre.

—*Greeley Tribune.*

**A BROAD FIELD FOR CAPITALISTS.**—The recent bursting of financial bubbles which were inflated by stock-jobbing swindlers, wild bond speculators and the crazy projectors of visionary railway enterprises, has shown the moneyed men of the country that paper covered by lithographic designs and trashy printed matter, no matter how fine the paper may be, or how artistically the designs are executed, has no real value. It has convinced them in the meantime, that the true wealth of the country is its productions, the yield of its fields, and mines, and forests, and the returns from its herds and flocks. The wealth that these create while in their crude state, is vastly increased by the various manufacturing processes which are, in themselves, the creators of actual capital. The conclusions deduced from these facts are, that the only real source of actual wealth, or rather the only producers of money are the mines, the fields, the forests, the herds and flocks, and the manufactories of the country. This being admitted, it follows that the only way in which the real wealth of the country can be increased, is by further developing the mines, increasing the number of acres under cultivation, by more thoroughly exploring remote forests and bringing rare timbers to the markets, by improving the blood of herds and flocks, and by augmenting the number and improving the characters of manufactories. Let the surplus capital of the country be invested in enterprises which will have a tendency to further the interests of these leading industries and pursuits, instead of the wild, visionary, and unsafe stock and bond speculations of the financial tricksters and swindlers of the east, and hereafter a panic will be an impossibility. And just here, let us state that we believe that Colorado presents a broader and richer field for the operations of capitalists who desire to invest in enterprises that will not only enrich themselves, but increase the wealth of the nation, than any other geographical division of this great country. Here in Colorado, we have mines that yield the precious metals in wonderful and unparalleled abundance, coalfields almost unbounded in extent, which will yield true coal in unlimited quantities, deposits of iron and copper ore so numerous and extensive that they cannot be avoided in the mountain mining districts. In the territory there are also millions of acres of the best agricultural and grazing lands in the world, and numerous streams that would not only furnish water to irrigate millions of acres of the best producing land in the world, but power to drive thousands of mill wheels. But there is capital needed here to fully develop the mines that yield gold and silver, to bring to the surface and a market the products of the vast coalfields, and to turn the iron and copper ores into valuable and useful metals. And money is needed also to place the millions of acres of excellent land, now lying waste, under cultivation, and to increase the number and improve the blood of our herds and flocks. This broad and rich field for the successful operation of capitalists, should not be lost sight of by the rich, wise men of the east.—*Pueblo Chieftain.*

**A COUNTRY TO LOVE.**—It is a remarkable fact, that when one has resided in Colorado one or two years, and then returns to the States, he cannot be satisfied to live there, but is discontented until he is back again in his Colorado home. This is the experience of all we have ever encountered here. There seems to be something in the country and the life which possesses rare attractiveness to those who have lived here. We have never met an old Coloradoan who had been east, who was not glad to get back. The home feeling seems to grow up here in a remarkably short time, and is very strong. This certainly speaks well for the advantages of the country, as we are deprived of many of the advantages of civilized life. Still, in spite of this, the love of Coloradoans for their home is potent enough to keep them here in hope of better days.



We cannot account entirely for the prevalence of this feeling, yet may indicate some of the causes which, perhaps, contribute very largely to occasion it. The climate in itself counterbalances a great many disadvantages. The high elevation above the sea-level not only frees the air from impurities which abound in a denser atmosphere, but it also decreases its capacities for moisture, so that the climate is much drier. We very rarely experience the damp, chilly days so common in the States, and which are so productive of disease. There is an exhilaration attending the act of breathing which gives one a sense of strength and vigor, and makes the very act a pleasure. One feels this particularly after a visit east, where the air seems constantly oppressive, and the spirits are constantly lowered. The mountains, too, we think, have much to do with the home attachment of our people. Inhabitants of mountainous countries are proverbial for their love of home. There is an unconscious elevation given to the mind by continual association with the grandeur of mountain scenery, which those who are accustomed to it miss when they leave it, even though they had given no attention to it before. A frontier life also has a charm peculiar to itself. The freedom from those conventionalities which, in a crowded and long-settled country, hamper the action of the soul, and merge the individual into the general mass, is very grateful to the self-reliant man. There is room here to act, freedom to develop all that there is in men. We are rid of the tendency inherent in all compact communities to conform all men to one model, the moulding influence of fashion, and also from the narrowness of view and feeling which is produced by too much competition. The passion for freedom is one of the deepest seated passions in the human breast, and real freedom can be found in the fullest extent in a new country like this. One who has been accustomed to it keenly feels its diminution when he goes east. Hence the anxiety to return, even of those who are weary of contending against the inconveniences attending Colorado life. Such, it seems to us, are some of the reasons for the attachment to this country, which is so marked and prevalent. Its existence, however, is a fact to which nine-tenths of our people who have visited the east after one, two, or three years' residence here will bear witness.—*Trinidad Enterprise*.

**AGRICULTURE IN COLORADO.**—The first impression of the agricultural resources of Colorado is apt to be unfavorable. However beautiful the climate and scenery appear, the apparent barrenness of the soil, and the dry and stunted aspect which the general vegetation presents, on approaching Denver, are not calculated to favorably impress one who has been accustomed to the luxuriant growth of the Mississippi valley, and who makes this the test of agricultural adaptability. Judged hastily, the verdict would be: "Claim whatever else you will for Colorado, but do not call it an agricultural country!" Nevertheless, after having visited the principal farms for twenty miles around Denver, and with full knowledge of the success of the several colonies that have been established, during the last few years, along that part of the territory to the east of the mountains, we are convinced that Colorado is destined to become as noted for its agricultural as it is for its mineral products. Wherever intelligence and industry—two qualities essential to success in the most favorable locality—are manifested, the result is highly satisfactory and remunerative. The trouble is that here there is a great deal of slovenly, careless farming, or, rather, pseudo-farming. Water is the great secret to success; under its talismanic influences the soil, which is deep and friable, without hard sub-soil, yields like magic, and improves with cultivation. Irrigation is all that is necessary to insure good crops, and when the system of irrigation is once perfected, the farmers of

Colorado will be more independent of meteorological changes than those of the country to the east, who, while ordinarily favored with a sufficiency of rain, yet suffer occasionally from severe and damaging droughts. From evil good oft-times flows. The very energy and enterprise which are so characteristic of Chicago, and in almost equal degree of Kansas City, may be traced, in a great measure, to the obstacles those cities have had to overcome—the one building up from uninhabitable lacustrine bogs, the other building down from the Missouri bluffs. So the very obstacle, in the lack of rain, which Colorado has had to contend against, will some day give her the best watered fields in the world. She will have the flood-gates of heaven under her own control. Every year shall add to and keep perpetual the feathery harvest of snow, garnered and kept by those natural elevators—her mountain-tops; and every year shall the sun's bright rays unlock the treasure and distribute it generously below. Thus, by nature's simple alchemy, are the uncertain, scattering rains, which come and go when they list, here integrated, brought within man's control, and made to do his bidding. With water, everything in the vegetable line grown in Northern Illinois can be grown here to perfection; and most of the roots may be planted all through the summer. The small grains do remarkably well, the stalk being short and stout, and the ear proportionately large and well filled. The grain is hard and heavy, and good harvesting weather may always be relied on.—*Prairie Farmer*.

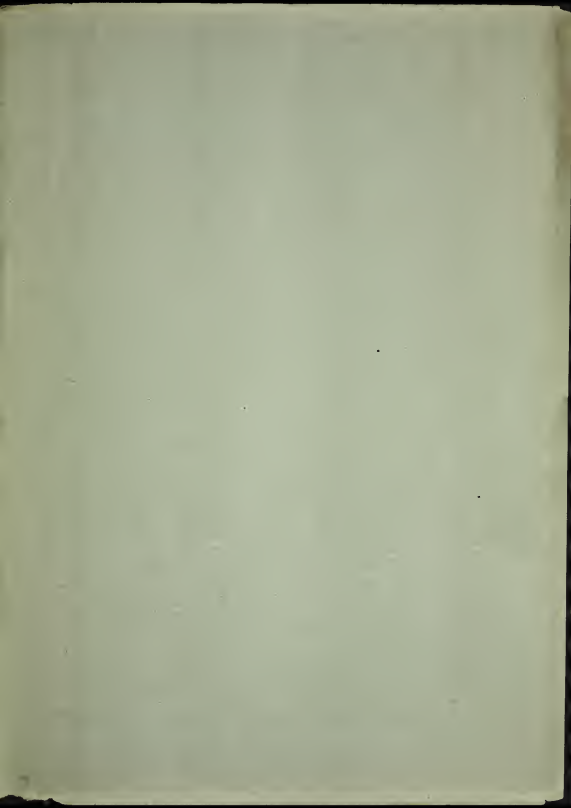
**COLORADO FARMERS AND STOCKMEN.**—The myth of our hazy, geography, the "Great American Desert," was dispelled long ago by the adventurous pioneer, and the immense treeless area found to be as fertile, under cultivation, as the timber-burdened acres when cleared. The old idea that wild animals can thrive, where the domesticated would perish, probably has delayed many years a knowledge of the great nutrition contained in the grasses of the prairie. To this day, many visitors who come here and take no pains to look into the matter, shake their heads and declare, they "can never be made to believe that cattle will fatten on such stuff." Much more incredulous are those who live at the East and whose knowledge comes from what they read and hear—that the grass crops standing is "too thin to tell an idiot, is a double dose to an already overdosed man." Years ago hison were killed reeking with fat, and to-day Colorado cattle, unhoused and uncared for, in Summer or Winter, in vast droves, reach the markets of the East in better condition than the stall-fed beasts of Iowa and Illinois. Beef, sweet, juicy, and tender, we have the twelve-months round and no need of recourse to the pounding-stick or hammer. The same incredulity exists in regard to the fertility of the soil—"Grass might eke out an existence, crops never." Experiments began. The plowshare sank deep into and upturned a soil rich with blessings to future generations. Seed was cast and the bountiful harvest reaped—250 bushels of onions, 40 bushels of wheat, 60 bushels of oats, 175 bushels of potatoes, are common occurrences. The uncommon would be 250 bushels of onions to the half acre, 550 bushels of wheat to 10 acres, 640 bushels of oats to eight acres, 1,000 bushels of potatoes to three acres. The articles themselves are superior. The visitor picks up an onion or other vegetable and queries of the owner: "California?" "No, sir—Colorado!" The ranchman is proud of his production and knows well the crop he can bring from the soil. The stranger whispers: "Cost of irrigation."—but we venture the assertion that not one ranchman in the great length and breadth of Colorado would exchange his sure supply for the uncertain rains and threatening droughts of the East. Besides, he knows well the cost of irrigation is not as great as the difference in the cost of the unbroken soil, between the East and West.—*Denver Times*.

**DENVER DEATH-LIST.**—However healthful a climate, the hearse is seen often enough to suggest that we live "at a poor dying rate." A glance at the new slabs and always fresh graves in our cemeteries east of Capitol Hill, and over on Highland, are evidences that, although our splendid air and freedom from all malaria, place us above the average in climatic conditions and influence, yet people do die here—not, however, so much from disease contracted here, as from diseases long in the system, which many have come to our mountain region with the vain hope of getting rid of. Our city sexton has built him a little cot near the entrance to the old cemetery east of town, and being now "at home" to both dead and living, a short interview with that worthy brought out the following facts: During the month of May there were nineteen burials, in June fifteen, July seventeen, August thirty-three, September thirty-four, and October thirty. Total interments in six months, one hundred and forty-eight, or nearly at the rate of one per day. For the corresponding period last year, as we learn from Dr. Bancroft, City Physician, the deaths were as follows: May sixteen, June eleven, July thirteen, August twelve, September eighteen, and October fifteen. Total, eighty-five. It will be seen that the list is greater this year, but it will be remembered that our population has in that time increased from some 14,000 to 20,000. Of the total deaths enumerated above, for the six months ending November 1st, 1873, forty-two, or nearly one-third were from consumption, the disease originating outside the Territory, and the victims being too far gone when they came here to obtain any benefit from this climate. Two were from Tennessee, three from Georgia, three from Pennsylvania, four from Missouri, one from Scotland, three from England, two from Minnesota, one from Italy, one from Canada, four from Michigan, two from New Jersey, two from Germany, five from New York, one from Connecticut, one from Iowa, one from Vermont, one from Nebraska, two from Illinois, one from Ireland, and one from Indiana. Deducting the forty-two cases mentioned above, and it will be seen that the total deaths among our resident population during the past six months was one hundred and six, or about eighteen per month. Assuming that this is about the ratio the year round, the whole number of deaths in 1873 would be about two hundred and twelve, or ten to every one thousand inhabitants, a fact unequalled in any other city in the Union, the next in the scale being Rochester, which has fifteen to every one thousand, while New York has thirty-two, and New Orleans fifty-four to every one thousand.—*Denver Tribune*.

**THE CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS.**—The canyon proper commences about three miles above town (Canyon City), is twelve miles in length, and is really a magnificent production of nature. Through this gorge the river foams and tumbles,—the rocks rising perpendicularly on either side to the height of 2,000 feet or more. To be sure, one peilant surveyor, who pretended to represent the United States, and who came out with a full assortment of sextants, quadrants, and theodolites, only gave the rocks an altitude of 1,500 feet; but he was promptly seized, immersed in the hot springs, and then booted out of the town. The citizens of Canyon City are sensitive, and any man who refuses to bow down and worship the soda springs, or who is foolish enough to insist that the banks of the Arkansas Canyon are not 2,000 feet high, must stand the consequences. As a general thing, newspaper men have become posted on this, and the majority readily swear to anything which is demanded or expected. The canyon is considered impossible to footmen or boatmen, as nothing can live in the rapids; but it has been ascended in the winter on ice, and the construction of a railroad track around its rugged curves is considered practicable by some of the best

engineers. Such a work would be a stupendous undertaking, however, and the bones of the old pioneers will have long moldered in their graves before the scream of the iron horse is heard in the rugged recesses of the Arkansas Canyon. To get a good view of the canyon, one must take the carriage road on the north side of the river, and drive up a distance of ten miles, near the head. The ascent is easy and gradual, and, after passing the first low range of Foot-Hills, the glories of the Snowy Range burst on the vision sixty miles away, but seeming so near that every gorge, precipice, and peak are revealed in all their grandeur. Up one hill and down another, through pinyon groves, and over loose masses of limestone rock that are hurled and tumbled in all sorts of fantastic shapes, the adventurous traveler makes his way, and is soon standing on the very brink of the canyon. He may be blown, so as not to speak; his shoes may have given up their soles, and his pants may be fluttering in rags; but he forgets all these in the grandeur of the sight. It is one not easily forgotten. One involuntarily holds his breath as he approaches the awful brink. Straight down as the plummet goes the limestone walls hundreds of feet, while the river below looks like a mere thread of silver, and its angry voice cannot be heard. It is a spectacle for the poet and painter; and, in looking upon it, even Shoddy will forget his greenbacks and paste diamonds, and rhapsodize by the hour. Another romantic feature about it is that a band of Rocky Mountain sheep live in this canyon, and often exhibit themselves to visitors. They bound from rock to rock with the utmost temerity, often striking upon their horns, and live in the most inaccessible places. Armed with a patent Ballard, your correspondent was lucky enough to bring down one,—a sturdy old buck, with horns that must have been about two feet in diameter, but he pitched head-first into a narrow gorge, and the hunter claimed him as their own. Upon the whole it is rather a poor place for the sportsman.—*Chicago Tribune*.

**MOUNT LINCOLN.**—Mount Lincoln is rightly named. It is a rough, rugged, unpretending mountain outwardly, but inwardly veined through and through with gold and silver—not looking at first to be half as grand as it really is. We took several lesser elevations to be the old chief, but as we rose they sank, one after another, and left him supreme and majestic, though craggy and ungaily, lazily lording it over the scene. The mines on this mountain are absolutely gigantic undertakings; they are all above timber-line. On the very topmost point of it, two can scarcely stand together. Fortunately, when we reached the summit, air and sky were clear, and we had an unobstructed and a most magnificent view over a vast sea of mountains, the loftiest hallows crissed with snow, as with foam—and down into great green troughs of valleys. Lovely and distinct as an illuminated picture, lay beneath us, in the fiftal but radiant sunshine, with its river-courses, and its divides, forests, plains, and canons, that upland paradise of South Park, which had seemed to us at times so dreary, vast, and bewildering—in whose labyrinths we had got lost, like so many helpless children. So narrow was the rocky peak of Lincoln that the steadiest brain, the most level head among us, felt dazed and dizzy. It was almost as though we were perched on a cathedral spire, so many thousand feet high, or suspended in some way over the world, which seemed to be swinging and swaying under us. Mount Lincoln is thought to be a mass of treasure, and prospectors, speculators, and miners will yet make as much out of it, doubtless, as politicians made out of Lincoln living, and orators, sculptors, and biographers have made out of Lincoln dead.—*Grace Greenwood*.



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